

Poetry
in
Bloom



A collection by the
Young Poets' Society
2018

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Introduction & Invitation

-by The Poetry Club

We meet on Thursdays after school and bring our poet selves.
Our verse flows most from our own pens; we pick, too, from the shelves.
Our pages here reveal some Truths: our hearts, unmasked and bare.
These words invite a tear or smile; this way, exposed, we share.

This year's edition is dedicated to Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan has taught us how to enjoy, create, and share poetry with each other. He is affable and personable, and his warmth has enabled us to share funny stories and enduring memories throughout our time together. He's a wonderful math teacher and our very own Renaissance man. He gave us a "present" of the past with his love of allusions and many interesting references (Vikings and violins!) in his own wonderful poems. He gave us the courage to read our poems for the recitation contest and the inspiration to create our own works. We wish him the very best in his future endeavors, and we know that those with whom he crosses paths will be as blessed as we have been to know him. We miss you already, Mr. Bryan.

2017–2018 Members:

Mansa Aziz
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Danielle Jackson
Alyssa Johnson
Chadd Lewis
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Co-Leaders: Mr. Bryan and Mrs. Pomerantz

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The Intruder

--by Mansa Aziz

It entered my body through a foreign sustenance.

When I was at my most vulnerable,

Unbeknownst to me, one of my greatest battles was being born in the gully of my
very being.

On the night of the holiest of days,

It started its full assault.

Sleep was lost to the endless agony and my body trying to release it

After hours of struggle, I called upon my kin to aid me in this fight.

For four days I was a slave to the parasite within me,

Answering at its every call and being subjected to unimaginable suffering.

With a burning passion like no other I wanted it to end

I prayed to God whenever I could and almost thought it wouldn't help.

By the third day, a biblical disease spread over every crevasse of my body,

Promoting a trip to a haven for the ill.

While under that roof I received the tools necessary to combat and end my turmoil
once and for all.

The fourth and final day's sole purpose was to regain my strength and control of
my body.

Stating that I went to hell and back would be a misinterpretation

Seeing as how in Hell your fate is certain and constant

Mine was a roll of dice each day

Now I won't give it a comparison to Vader or Luther

I save that for the prince of darkness himself

The devil.

A Silver Tongue

--by Javier Cardoso

Once in a country a distance away,
A king sent his jester to deliver a message
There was none he wouldn't sway,
Man woman or adolescent.

“Come one come all,
If you are a hero or some lowlife,
To the great king's ball,
If you would like no more strife!

“For tonight starts the fall
Grab your fork and your knife,
Lest you lay enthralled,
Come have the best night of your life!”

And so it was done,
It was all set,
A night full of fun,
And all sorts to be met.

Throughout all the land,
There are figures of all kind,
Their footprints left in the sands,
To be immortalized throughout all time.

A youthful knight with much honor,
A wise and grey haired mage,
A hunter with a bow to pierce armor,
And the writer of the page.

Many people came,
All to one's delight.
For it was time to declare,
The festivities of the night.

The king he smiles,
And addresses his attendees,
All those, good and vile,
Went onto their knees.

"I have a question," the king says,
"A reward will be given for this.
But I'd like to see your ways,
Tell me who is the strongest?"

A debate raged on upon the skills of the other.

"After all," boasts the cleric,
"I can heal injuries of the mothers,
Or any soldier in the barracks."

Says the youthful knight,
"My skill at arms lets me slay dragons!
And with my brothers of the fight,
I will throw back a flagon!"

On and on they cast insult and scorn,
Brought on from the cause of such a trivial matter,
Not realizing their unity forsworn,
For but a moment of flatter.

Meanwhile the king sits upon his throne,
Ruling through stratagems and deceit,
Looking down on the lot of them lone,
Laughing for he sees their defeat.

The Dreamer

--by Javier Cardoso

The Dreamer dreams of delicate things,
Streaming across the night sky.
The Dreamer dreams of beautiful rings,
And jewels to make them fly.

The Dreamer dreams of a wonderful world,
One that they would love to know.
The Dreamer dreams of the boy or girl
That they love so.

The Dreamer dreams of many dreams,
Dreams that could last.
But the Dreamer hides what seems
To be a dark and frightful past.

The Dreamer dreams of finer things
So that they may escape,
From the evil reality that sings
A song that around the Dreamer drapes.

The Dreamer dreams of happy thoughts
To drown the bad ones out.
If others only knew the battles the Dreamer fought
Maybe they wouldn't cast them about.

The Dreamer dreams of nightmares,
All of which drive them insane.
Based off of the dreamer's life of despair,
And All the emotions in their brain.

The Dreamer dreams of happy times,
and of the happy times gone bad.
The Dreamer dreams the sun will shine
But the reality is sad.

The Dreamer just wants peace,
And their way to that is sleep.
But their troubles will not cease,
And in their sorrow they will reap.

The Dreamer wants some help,
But see their demons full of glee
As others name the Dreamer a whelp,
While the Dreamer begs on their knees.

The Dreamer dreams of times,
That by others they weren't forsaken.
But it is at times like these I'm
Afraid that people's insides truly awaken.

For the Dreamer many do not care,
But really how could they not see?
That the Dreamer full of despair,
Could be any of them, or you or me.

A Force to be Reckoned With

--by Danielle Jackson

A band of rascals travels across distant lands.

Some are royal, others criminal, a number of them lost.

Their differences unify them to fight a war.

A war between evil and good,

Light and Dark.

Remember My Fond Goodbye Like I'll Remember You

--by Alyssa Johnson

I got another test today

I'm prolly gonna fail

at least it'll be over soon

I'll turn it in and bail

but just because you don't see me

doesn't mean that I've turned tail

I went on an adventure and

I ran into some hail

It pelted melted down on me

and made me start to wail

in tears and tears the rain came down

and filled up a nearby pail

I stared into the water

as the ripples turned stale

then grabbed my coat and rainboots
and I skipped on the rainy trail

I brought my pail for show and tell
cause I wanted to unveil

the reflection to my school
and class that started to avail

made of tears that flowed
from here in a sleek travail

created a sun-bright clear image
that managed to prevail

I carried it and walked with it and
made this simple pledge

my reflection, my experience,
my memory and more

I'll remember and I'll cherish till
I'm never ever more

I am ME

--by Chadd Lewis

When I was born, I cried.
Every child born cries too.

Every decision after led me here.
Denied from every institution with a big time name,
My family with fake smiles telling me it's ok,
And nothing to show for MY hard work but letters that start with "I'm sorry."

Why did I apply?
I wasted time pouring out my life to institutions that obviously couldn't relate.
But, I fell for the bait.

The bait that I was not everything I thought I was;
But I am more than any one will ever see.
I am the kind of person that will go down in the history books...
As the person sitting next to Rosa Parks.
Still refusing to stand but they won't care that I sit.

I am the water under bridges that have already burned.
I am the perfect bag of chips that will never be eaten.
I am poverty and riches at the same time.
And most importantly I am ME.

When I was born, I cried.
Every child born cried too.
But that is as close as we will ever get to being the same.
Until we all die.

HER

I'm so full of love I can barely eat
All I can think of is my baby
Her eyes are havens to me
And her heart is one I'd like to keep
Cause my baby's sweet as can be
Her love's deeper than ecstasy
It's like rum on fire, it burns and heals.
Her love is rare and sweet like cherry wine
It's intoxicating, the way she seems so divine
I feel blessed to call her mine.
Ever since our eyes have entwined,
The smell of her has left me spellbound.
It has been binding me since the day she gave me wings
Since the day I tasted her sweet yet sultry drink
The way her soft curls gather around her bosom
Way her waist curves at the hem
The way her hips sway and swing
They way she turns into a nightingale when she sings.
Her glistening eyes tell me what's true,
They show me what to do
This is new, she is new
But it's true, I love her.
I truly do.

*Inspired by cherry wine by Hozier.

-- Padmini Rao

Ivory

How loud are my musky whispers?
Loud enough for you to smell the thirsty cologne?
Radiating out of me is the warmth of ivory
Albeit it feels cold to see you
Smelling as whimsical as daisies
Looking as grainy as smoke
You're my muse, ivory
Your cold hard exterior makes me want to melt
To become water to quench your dryness
Or perhaps become as hard and cold as you
Maybe then you won't be deaf to my new edges
Why are you as blind as the sun
stinging harder than an ironwood splinter

-- Padmini Rao

XX XV : X II

Called me cocky, called me sus
All cause he doesn't know how to cuss.
He says it's a sign that our signs don't align
But he's a cancer, it's obvious he's cancerous.
Say if he wasn't so fake, he could land real love
Sure what we had together was real, real lovely
So Rake*, it was time we took a break
You were salty, I was vain
You were exhausting, gave me pain
Now you're gone, what a shame
I was getting quite into those games
You played me, I tried playing back
When he lost, I lost a soulmate
Good thing broken souls are easy to cover

-- Padmini Rao

*rake=playboy